

HERE'S A LITTLE



Pointer for You

I shall in this column endeavor to answer all correspondence that may be sent and urgently request young ladies to read this column, and any questions that they wished answered please send them in before Saturday of each week.

By Miss May Clematis.

- The world is full of deception. The truth will always pass you. E. T. Friendship is hard to find. Be careful of what you say. M. E. Be careful and don't talk too much. Be honest as well as pure in your conduct. E. I. The success of any girl is due to fine qualities. Irene. It is not every girl who can conduct a business. N. R. A useful girl is a benefit to any business. D. O. Don't carry on any flirtation while you are attending to business. R. M. Dress in fashion but not extravagantly. Lala. Don't be carried away by new faces. R. T. You should always know your best friends. D. T. Don't imagine you have enough because you have a few dollars in your pocket. Ida. Be careful and don't talk too much about your business. N. A. It is the honest person who will tell the truth. Nettie. The girl who will tell all she knows is not safe company. The girl who cherishes taste will certainly attract. It is not necessary to show your ignorance all the time. Keep your lips closed and then no one will know your ignorance. You may lose a good friend by telling falsehoods. Little drops of water, little grains of sand, makes a mighty ocean sometimes. Solid qualities of integrity, of thoroughness, should outweigh in a girl's estimate of a man mere superficial cleverness and brilliancy.—August Ladies' Home Journal. Soup may be served on a table from a side table, or brought to the table in soup-plates. The hostess usually serves the soup.—August Ladies' Home Journal. There are more murders committed than are ever published in the papers—murders committed by the tongue. The power of deadly poison is in it.—August Ladies' Home Journal. D. T. It is all folly to leave a good and comfortable home to spend a few weeks in a close country house. R. M. Don't have the gossips after you. Country escorts create trouble. Be careful, a girl's actions are closely observed. D. I. It is not necessary to be introduced to every person you meet in the country. If you could hear how the girls are slandered while away you would never be seen in the company of men with whom you may temporarily meet. Girls are not discreet enough. Ella. Don't marry a man for the sake of marrying, you will regret it. Don't imagine that you are more important than you are. A most adorable trait in any girl, at any season, is enthusiasm. It belongs to girl-life to be eager and spontaneous, to be vehement and inclined to the superlative.—August Ladies' Home Journal. The law that holds this universe together is the law of affinities: like will seek like. Make your choice now for the good things of time that go into eternity with you.—August Ladies' Home Journal. Ice cream is buttery when it is churned before the cream is ice cold. Turn slowly at first until the mixture begins to freeze, then rapidly for a few moments until it is frozen.—August Ladies' Home Journal. The duties of a godmother to-day are limited to making a present to the mother on the day of the child's christening and remembering to send a small gift to the child now and then.—August Ladies' Home Journal. Oh, sir, please, I have swallowed a pin! exclaimed a servant girl, running into her employer's study. Never mind, Mary, he replied, deep in study, never mind, here's another, drawing one from the pin-cushion.—Chicago Journal. Time's Revenge. Wessel—Old Mr. Johnsonhammer is reaping the whirlwind in his old age. Sinnott—How is that? He used to have his old trousers cut down and make his boy wear them, and now the boy is five inches taller than he is.—Judge. As He Denied It. Pa—My son, what's an "old flame"? Pa—My son, when a man speaks of "his old flame" he refers to something over which he used to burn his money.—Philadelphia Press.

EASY BEAR HUNTING

One Wisconsin Man Makes Bruin Drunk and Helpless.

Another Has a More Ingenious and Cruel Plan—Sweet-Loving Beasts Lured to Death by Molasses Drugged with Whisky.

A few days ago Otis Harper, of Menominee, Wis., told a story of two trappers. One of the finest bass fishing grounds in Wisconsin is found in Post lake. This fact is one of the reasons that induced an old physician to pull down his shingle in a Michigan town, give up his deaconship and settle on the western banks of the lake. But ardent fisherman though he may be, the old doctor finds still greater delight in trapping bears, of which there are plenty in that locality. No one will deny that his method is original.

Despite the fact that he is a teetotaler from choice and conviction, every now and then the doctor comes to the railroad station near by and pays freight on a few kegs of whisky and molasses. Of what quality, dependent sayeth not. For many miles around he knows every year runway and during the season he makes regular visits to them and chuckles to himself when he finds a fresh track. That night Bruin will suddenly come across a gallon jar half full of molasses, an ill-boding prescription from the doctor. Of course he is too cautious an animal to tackle the foreign substance in the jar at once. He snuffs at it for awhile, but finally he tastes and pretty soon the contents of the jar have found a safe lodging place within the innermost recesses of his huge carcass. With a deep grunt and a loud smack of satisfaction, Bruin trots cheerfully off, but soon he longs for a safe place in which to lie down and take nap. The fact of the matter is that he has a little "jag." But he doesn't know it. The next night to his surprise he again finds a keg with molasses in it. This time he does not seem to hesitate so long, but drinks down the



GETTING READY FOR A JAG.

sweet mixture. The third night generally finishes the business. There is more whisky than molasses in the keg that night and Bruin finds it convenient to lie down on the spot and sleep.

Shortly after sunrise the next morning the doctor wanders down that way and claims his prey. While yet unconscious from the effects of the liquor, a rifle ball crashes through Bruin's brains. A few muscular convulsions and all is over so far as he is concerned. His skin will be exchanged by the doctor for a \$25 draft, and more than one of them, perchance, may at this moment add charm to some cozy rooms in this city, says the Milwaukee Sentinel.

A well-known sawmill owner, residing near Waukesha, pursues a different method to get his bear meat. The man takes a small beer keg, knocks out one end of it and then drives spikes through the rim, inward and pointing toward the center.

This constitutes his trap. Filled partly with molasses or honey, he places the keg on a runway and the result is inevitable. The bear scents the bait, forces his head down on the very bottom of the keg and licks up the sweet stuff. In doing so the pails do not inconvenience him, but when he has had his fill and attempts to pull his head back, he finds himself in a sorry predicament. As soon as he feels the prick of a nail in his neck or behind his ears he lifts one of his powerful paws and gives the keg a push so as to shove it away and off his head. That very act, however, settles his case. He has only succeeded in driving the nails deeper into his neck, and now, almost insane with pain and fright and blinded by the blood that runs into his eyes, he dashes around in a circle, vainly trying to get away. Here he will collide with a tree and there he will stumble and fall over a stump, and before long his strength gives way and he sinks down exhausted. Another paroxysm of anger and fright follows when he hears the footsteps of the man who has trapped him, but the relentless rifle speedily ends his agony.

A Corner in Alligators. William Armstrong has just received the renewal of a concession which he obtained a year ago as an experiment for the capture of alligators along the Pacific coast, writes a correspondent in the New York Post. The new concession runs for five years. During his year of experiment Mr. Armstrong secured more than 40,000 skins, most of which he exported to France and Germany. The lakes and swampy inlets along the Pacific coast abound in alligators, and Mr. Armstrong secured their hide from native hunters stationed at different points.

NERVY ARIZONA GIRL.

It Would Take More Than a Big Snake to Destroy Her Remarkable Presence of Mind.

An incident occurred recently in which a 15-year-old girl displayed wonderful presence of mind and illustrated the value of good judgment and self-possession in all everyday affairs of life, as well as on extraordinary occasions, when the house takes fire or two trains try to pass on the same track.

In a ranch home not far from town, says the Arizona Republican, lives a family which, at the time mentioned, had in its employ a nurse to wait upon the lady of the house, who was in delicate health, and the girl referred to, whose duties were to wash the dishes



SEIZED THE NEAREST CLUB.

and attend to the minor household affairs.

One afternoon, when the head of the house was away from home, the three women were sitting in a room together when the girl noticed a snake of considerable size coiled up on a clothes-rack or shelf some distance above the floor, and craning its neck out and waving it to and fro in regular snake fashion. The girl knew the impressionable condition of her mistress and the possible effect upon her of any undue and sudden excitement. Her quick remembrance of this fact and her rapidly evolved plan of action are the proof of her self-possession.

She knew the prevailing weakness of women to scream when anything unusual occurs, and therefore knew she could not even take the nurse into her confidence at once in the matter of the discovery of the snake without great danger of precipitating the climax she wanted to avoid. So she quietly said to her mistress: "I think I heard your husband calling you at the gate." The lady of the house at once withdrew, and as soon as she left the room the girl cautioned the nurse to make no outcry, and seizing the nearest club went after the reptile in a manner that put him out of business in short order. The nurse, of course, could not restrain a little demonstration when she first saw the snake, but she choked herself off in short order, and by the time the mistress of the house returned to tell the girl she must have been mistaken about the call, conditions in the room had resumed their usual serenity, and the girl admitted that she must have been dreaming when she fancied she heard the alarm outside.

WOULDN'T WASH HIMSELF.

Indiana Man's Aversion to Soap Compelled His Wife to Apply for Legal Separation.

Judge, it's the actual truth that man didn't take a bath once a month, and he never owned a toothbrush in his life." Mrs. Hannah Becker sobbed as she told the judge her sad story. She wanted a divorce, and she wanted



THE MAN HATED A SOAP.

It had. The allegations against her husband were these: "He had an innate aversion to combing his hair."

"He chewed tobacco and spat in the hand-painted vase which his sister had given her for a wedding present."

"Was too lazy at nights to take off his clothes, and with his muddy frequently went to bed in his shoes on."

"Wore a red sweater and old overalls to a full-dress party, causing great mortification and pain."

"He was afflicted with a lifelong aversion to soap."

The judge of the circuit court at Le Roy, Ind., heard the case with a frown. "But surely," asked the court of the plaintiff, "he had a toothbrush before he married you? And he must have had a clean face now and then and worn decent clothes, or you wouldn't have married him?"

But Mrs. Becker said her husband had used his brother's toothbrush, and he used to call on her at night and sit out on the porch so that she couldn't see what sort of clothes he wore. "He is the dirtiest thing in the way of husbands I ever heard of," said the wife. "Decree," said the judge.

CHASTISED A THIEF.

Chicago Woman Gets Even with Purloiner of Her Purse.

After a Short Chase the Plucky Lady Arrests the Thief and Metes Out Quick and Appropriate Punishment.

Cheered on by several hundred citizens of Maywood, a Chicago suburb, Mrs. William McGill, of 5626 Indiana street, Austin, horsewhipped a thief who had stolen her pocketbook a few minutes before on a street car.

Chicago papers, which recite the exciting occurrence, say that the whipping took place in a real estate office belonging to E. A. Cummings at St. Charles and Nineteenth streets, after Mrs. McGill had confronted the man whom she believed had stolen her purse. The whip, which was of rawhide, was procured by the friends of Mrs. McGill, and they urged her not to spare it.

Mrs. McGill boarded a Madison street car at Nineteenth street in Melrose Park shortly before four o'clock. She was accompanied by Mrs. Nellie Henry, of 686 Thirty-first street, Austin, and they were on their way down town. When they had taken seats Mrs. McGill laid her purse on a seat just behind her, while she adjusted her hat.

A minute later she turned around to get the pocketbook, but it was gone. So was the stranger who occupied the corner seat. Without telling her companion she stepped to the door and signaled the conductor to stop. Less than a square away stood the man whom Mrs. McGill was certain had her purse. Walking briskly up to the man, she said in a determined voice: "You have my pocketbook."

He protested his innocence. Standing near by was W. A. Twining, a clerk in Mr. Cummings' office. She called to him for assistance, and he in peremptory tones invited the unwilling stranger into his private office.

Still the man maintained his innocence, but he was unable to tell a connected story. He refused to be



"IS THAT ENOUGH FOR YOU?"

searched, saying that it was a case of mistaken identity; that he was T. A. Browne, of 117 Peoria street, a respectable citizen, and that an outrage was being perpetrated upon him.

Browne was kept in the "sweet box" for awhile longer, however, and a policeman became alarmed and pleaded to be released.

Finding his captors obdurate, he finally pulled the purse from his pocket and threw it to the floor. This was the signal for the crowd to howl and hoot. One said: "Lynch him," another thought of the horsewhip.

"Yes, get me a horsewhip," cried Mrs. McGill, "and I will give him what he deserves."

A dozen members of the crowd started for one. When one of them returned she seized Browne by the coat collar with a grasp that made his escape impossible, raised the whip over his head and brought it down a dozen times with a resounding crack.

The victim cried, pleaded and cursed, but all to no purpose. Mrs. McGill only strengthened her grip on his collar and applied the lash until he fell to the floor in a half-faint.

"Is that enough—for you?" demanded Mrs. McGill. But Browne was too weak to respond, and the woman loosened her hold and tossed the whip to the ground.

"Now go," she said, "and be careful how you act in the future."

Not waiting for a second invitation, Browne scrambled to his knees and then to his feet. He could scarcely stand. He started off without his coat or hat, but they were tossed after him, and he gathered them up and walked away followed by several members of the crowd.

"That will do him more good than all the prisons in the state," said Mrs. McGill, as she started for her home.

Telegraphy and Matrimony. The English government gives away \$50,000 a year, more or less, to encourage matrimony among the women employees of the telegraph service. Women enter the service at an average age of 16. After six years, when the operator has reached the official marriageable age of 22, she is entitled to an allowance from the state. For each year of service she can draw one month's pay. As her salary is \$25 a month, she can then claim \$150. If she waits until she is 28 she can draw \$400. In practice the average amount paid is found to be about \$200.

Sparrows Are Busy Builders. Sparrows begin housekeeping very expeditiously. A pair of them will build a nest and furnish it with an egg inside of 24 hours from the time when the site was selected.

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FOREIGNERS OF NOTE.

Jean de Reszke, the operatic tenor, made his will in New York city the other day, and directs the use of a patent device to prevent his being buried alive.

Prince Eugene of Norway and Sweden, the youngest of the four sons of King Oscar, is a painter by profession and spends most of his time in his studio in Paris.

Minister Wu Ting Fang was recently asked for some Chinese music which the band of the University of Chicago intended to practice and finally play at his recent visit to Chicago. The music was sent, but was not played, as it was found that on the copy forwarded the notes read from right to left and could be made nothing of.

Queen Alexandra is a devoted lover of flowers. It is no unusual sight to see her carrying a bunch of flowers which she has herself gathered from the fields and hedges. She frequently goes for long country rambles, especially when the princesses, her daughters, are at home, and the royal ladies invariably return with their arms filled with ferns, grasses and wild flowers.

Cotton Growing in Oklahoma.

It is believed by many that the dry climate of southern Oklahoma and the southern district of the Indian Territory is going to make that section the home for the finest grades of cotton. An item from Dennison, Tex., says: "During the season it has developed that the cotton grown in the Choctaw nation was of an extra good fiber, grading above the average and in great demand for export. A great deal has been shipped to Germany and England. Indian cotton hereafter will command the top price."

"My, the house looks changed some way," said the lady who had moved out a month or two before and returned to make a call and see what kind of furniture the new tenants had. "Yes," her hostess replied; "we've cleaned it up."—Chicago Times-Herald.

More Than She Meant.

"Well, madam," said the doctor, bustling in, "how is our patient this morning?" "His mind seems to be perfectly clear this morning, doctor," replied the tired watcher. "He refuses to touch any of the medicines."—Chicago Tribune.

His Growing Family.

"I had nine children to support, and it kept me busy," said Smith to Jones, as they met; "but one of the girls got married. Now I have—"

"Eight?" interrupted Jones.

"No, ten—counting the son-in-law," said Smith, with a sigh.—Tit-Bits.

Antics of an Old Clock.

An antique clock, in Calcium, Pa., lately struck one, and almost caused a tragedy. It has been in the family of Mrs. Susanna Phillips for 160 years. While that lady was trying to wind it, the clock tilted forward, falling upon her and crushing her to the floor. An aged invalid, Peter Koller, hearing her screams, crept to her assistance and managed to rescue her.

American Playing Cards Abroad.

There are few countries in the world where American playing cards are not found. They are attaining remarkable popularity in the far east, Japan liking them particularly.

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